

THE
LOSS O' THE PACK.

A TRUE TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WATTY AND MEG,
RAB AND RINGAN, &c.

II.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

AN ORIGINAL
SCOTS SONG.

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[*The following Tale was delivered at the Pantheon, Edinburgh in a Debate on the Question, "Whether is Disappointment in Love, or the Loss of Fortune hardest to bear?"*]

THE
LOSS O' THE PACK.

A TRUE TALE.

(*Recited in the Character of a Poor Pedlar*)

'BOUTGATES I hate, quo' girning Maggy Pringle,
Syne harl'd Watty, greeting, thro' the ingle.
Since this fell question seems fae lang to hing on,
In twa-three words I'll gie ye my opinion.

I wha stand here, in this bare scoury coat,
Was'ance a *Pockman*, werdy mony a groat :
I've carried packs as big's your meikle table ;
I've scarted pats, and sleepet in a stable :
Sax pounds I wadna for my pack ance ta'en,
And I could bauldly brag 'twas a' mine ain-

Aye! thae war days indeed, that gart me hope,
 Aeblins, thro' time, to warse up a shop :
 And as a wife ay in my noddle ran,
 I kend my *Kate* wad grapple at me than.
 O *Kate* was past compare! sic cheeks! sic een!
 Sic smiling looks! were never, never seen.
 Dear, dear I lo'ed her, and whane'er we met,
 Pleadet to have the bridal-day but set :
 Stapped her pouches fu' o' preens and laces,
 And thought mysel' weel paid wi' twa-three kisses.
 Yet still she put it aff frae day to day,
 And asten kindly in my lug wad say,
 "Ae half-year langer's no nae unco stop,
 "We'll marry than, and syne set up a shop."

O Sir, but lassies words are fast and fair!
 They sooth our griefs, and banish ilka care :
 Wha wadna toil to please the lass he lo'es?
 A lover true, minds *this* in a' he does.
 Finding her mind was thus sae firmly bent,
 And that I cou'dna get her to relent,
 There was nought left, but quietly to resign,
 To beeze *my pack* for *ae lang hard campaign*;
 And, as the Highlands was the place for meat,
 I ventur'd there in spite of wind and weat.

Cauld now the Winter blew, and deep the sna'
 For three hale days, incessantly did fa'.
 Far in a muir, among the whirling drift,
 Whar nought was seen but mountains and the list,
 I lost my road, and wander'd mony a mile,
 Maist dead wi' *hunger, cauld, and fright, and toil*,

Thus wand'ring, east or west, I kend na' where,
 My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black despair,
 Wi' a fell ringe, I plung'd at ance, forsooth,
 Down thro' a wreath o' snaw, up to my mouth.
Clean o'er my head my precious wallet flew,
But whar it gaed, Lord kens, I never knew!

What great misfortunes are pour'd down on some,
 I thought my fearfu' hinderen' was come!
 Wi' grief and sorrow was my faul o'ercastr,
 Ilk breath I drew was like to be my last;
 For ay the mair I warst'd roun' and roun'
 I fand mysel' ay stick the deeper down;
 Till ance, at length, wi' ae prodigious pull
 I drew my poor cauld carcase frae the hole.

Lang, lang, I fought and graped for my pack,
 Till night, and hunger forc'd me to come back.
 For three lang hours I wander'd up and down,
 Till chance, at last, convey'd me to a town:
 There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate
 A sad account of a' my luckless fate;
 But bade her ay be kind, and no despair,
 Since life was left, I soon wad gather mair;
 Wi' whilk, I hop'd, within a towmond's date
 To be at hame, and share it a' wi' Kate.

Fool that I was, how little did I think
 That love wad soon be lost for fa't o' *clink*.
 The loss of fair won wealth, tho' hard to bear,
 Afore this—ne'er had pow'r to force a tear.
 I trusted time wad bring things round again,
 And Kate, dear Kate! wad then be a' mine ain;

Consol'd my mind in hopes o' better luck,
 But, O! *what sad reverse! how thunderstruck!*
 Whan ae black day brought word frae Rab my
 brither,
 That *Kate was cried, and married on anither!*

Tho' a' my friends, and ilka comrade sweet,
 At ance, had drapp'd cauld dead at my feet;
 Or, tho' I'd heard the last day's dreadfu' ca',
 Nae deeper horror o'er my heart cou'd fa':
 I curs'd mysel', I curs'd my luckless fate,
And grat—and sabbing cried—O Kate! O Kate!

Frae that day forth—I never mair did weel,
 But drank, and ran headformost to the deel.
 My filler vanish'd; far frae hame I pin'd;
 But Kate, for ever ran acrofs my mind.
 In her were a' my hopes,—*these hopes were vain,*
 And now—I'll never see her like again.

'Twas this, Sir, President, that gart me start,
 Wi' meikle grief and sorrow at my heart,
 To gie my vote, frae *sad experience*, here,
 That *disappointed love is war to bear*
Ten thousand times, than loss of world's gear.

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COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

AN ORIGINAL

SCOTTS SONG,

I.

“ **C**OME under my plaidy, the night's gaun to fa';
“ Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the
 snaw;
“ Come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me;
“ There's room in't dear lassie! believe me, for twa.

II.

“ Come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me,
“ I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw;
“ O come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me,
“ There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.

III.

“ Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa!
“ I fear na' the cauld blast, the drift, nor the sna':
“ Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lie beside ye;
“ Ye might be my gutchard; auld Donald, gae 'wa!

IV.

'I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's
 bonny;
 'He's been at Meg's bridal; fou trig and fou braw!
 'O there's nane dance fac lightly, fac gracefu', fac
 tightly,
 'His cheeks are like roses, his brow's like the
 snaw.

V.

"Dear MARION let that ssee stick fast to the wa;
 "Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
 "The hale o' his pack, he has now on his back;
 "He's *thretty*, and I'm but *threescore and twa*!

VI.

"Be frank now and kindly: I'll buik you ay finely;
 "At kirk or at market they'll nane gang fac bra';
 "A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 "And flunkies to tend ye as fast as ye ca'."

VII.

'My father's ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
 'Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay bra';
 'It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
 'But wae's me! I ken he has *naething ava*!

VIII.

'I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
 'I'm now mair than *twenty*; my time is but sma';
 'Sae gi'e me your plaidy; I'll creep in beside ye,
 'I thought ye'd been auider than *threescore and twa*!

IX.

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
 Whar Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a'
 The *day* was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack 'gainst his side as if bursling in twa.

X.

He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
 And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the sna';
 The howlet was screaming, while Johnny cried,
 " *Women*
 Wad marry the devil wad he keep them bra'."

XI.

O the deel's in the lasses! sae fond to gang bra',
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' FOUR SCORE and
 TWA;
 The hale o' this marriage, is gowd and a *carriage*;
 Plain LOVE is the cauldest blast now that can bla'

XII.

Yet dotards be wary, tak' tent wha ye marry;
Young wives in their coaches will whip and will ca'
 Till they'll meet wi some Johnny, that's youthsful
 and bonny,
 And he'll gi'e ye horns on ilk haffit to claw!

F I N I S.



